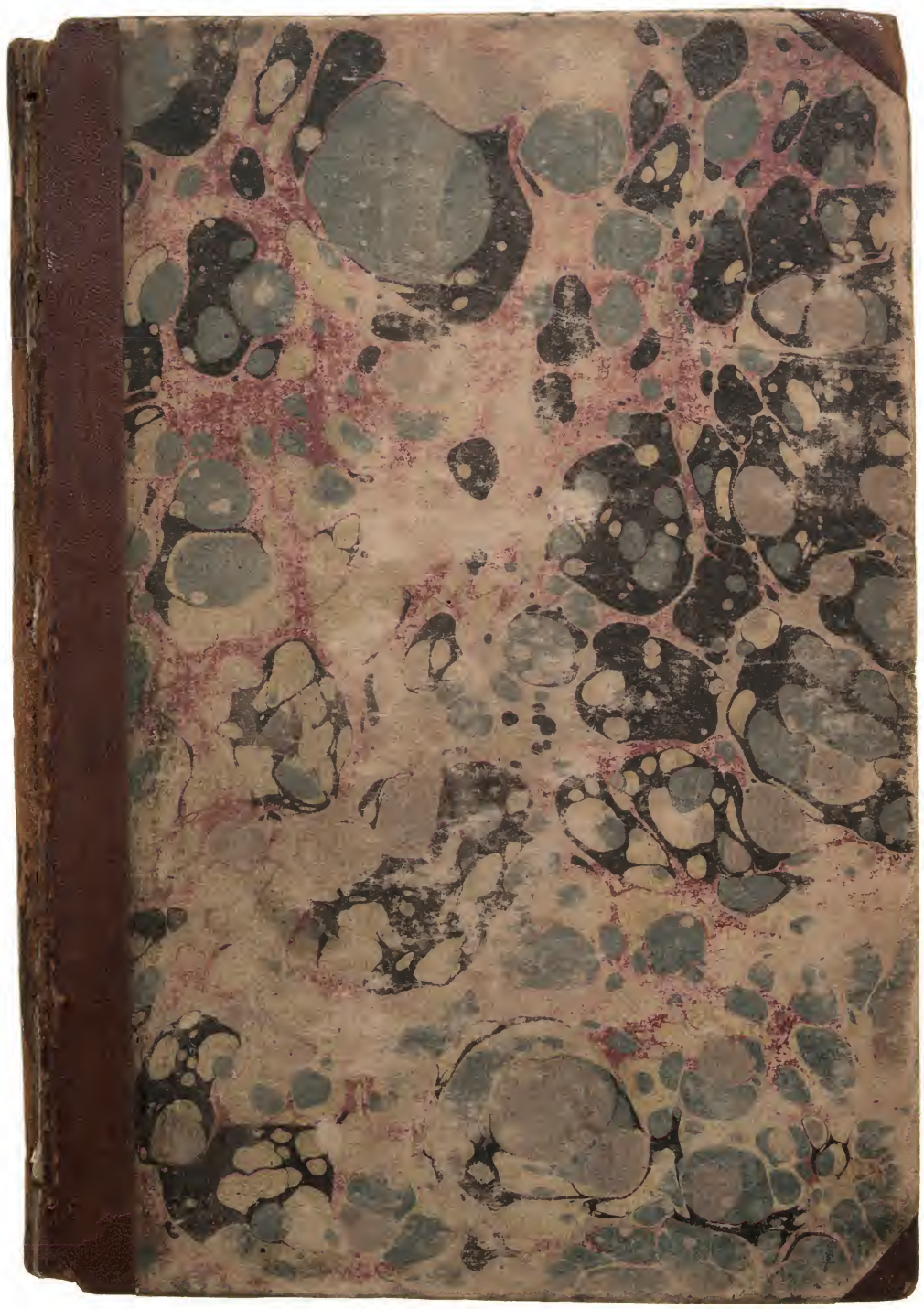
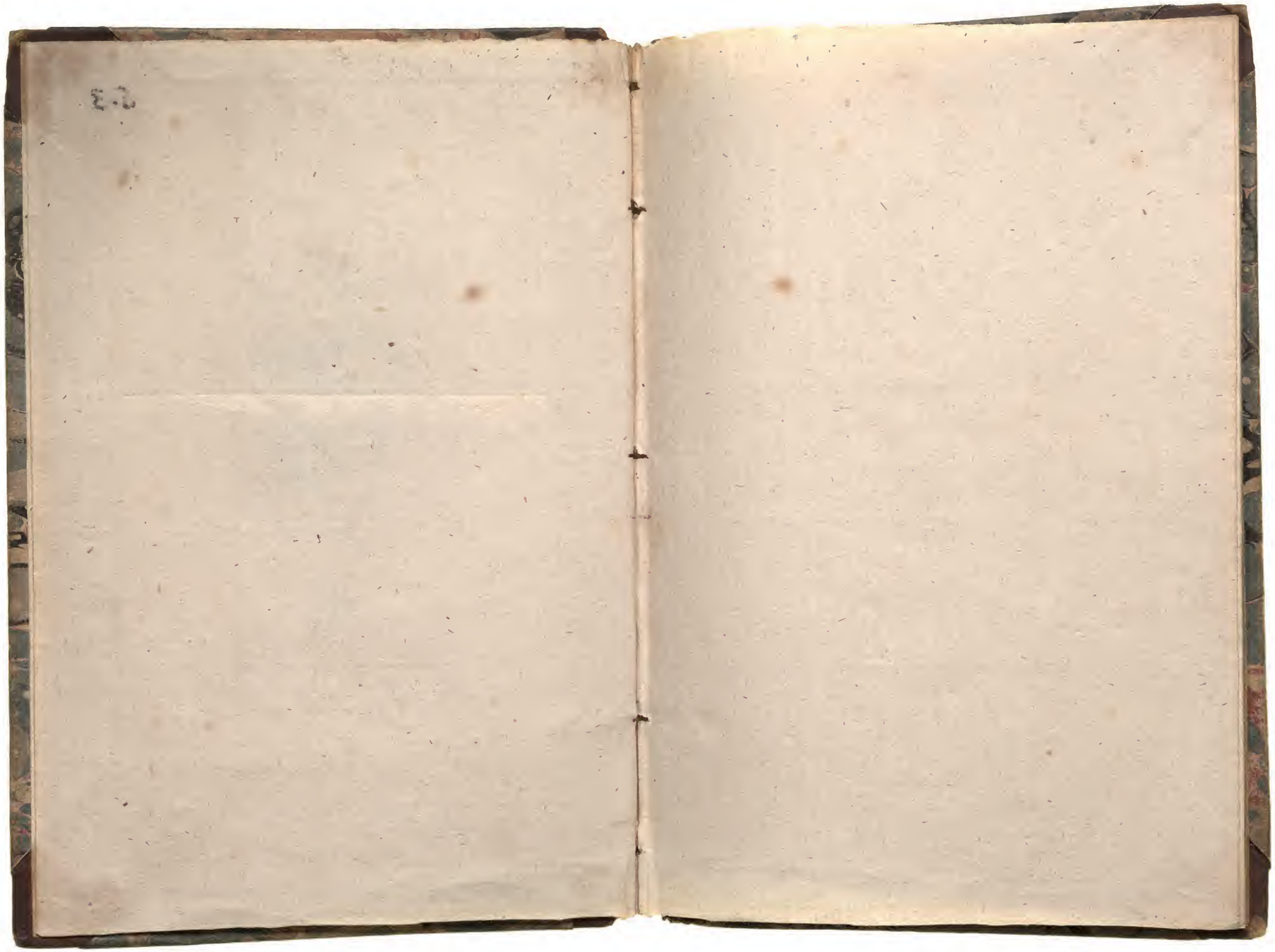


Johannes Patricius
Urichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.



This is neither 1602, 1612, nor 1624 [illegible]
I have compared it with those [illegible]
nor is it the 1st edition

The above Note by Mr. Forster.

By 1624

Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.

NOw is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothde his wringled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a *L*adies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues maiestie
*T*o strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
*T*hat dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why *I* in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since *I* cannot proue a louer
*T*o entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
2267 And hate the idle pleasures of these daies;
Plots haue *I* laid, inductions dangerous,

By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As *I* am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewd vp,
About adroheſie which ſaies that G.
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule: *Enter Clarence with*
Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men.*
Brother, good day es, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when *I* know, for *I* proteſt
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
*Thes*e as *I* learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhee
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen *I* thinke there is no man ſecurde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shoare:
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me:
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euē ſo & pleaſe your worſhip *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous.
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore. *I* tel thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her huſband knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?

Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and with all forbeare
Your conference with the noble *Duke*.

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, *I* will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,

I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherho od,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne.
Simple plaine Clarence, *I* do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Haſtings?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment,
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake aud melancholy,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed.
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,
Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is,
Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till George be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence, With

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou ſlewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To roy alize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancanſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are,
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Q. M. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world.
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q. M. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,
Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by on depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?

Q. M. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will *I* make, before *I* let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The ſorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.

Glo: The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee;
And God, not we, hath plaugde thy bloodie deede.

Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.

Haſt. O twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.

Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.

*Qu. Mar. VV*hat? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
V Vhy then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your king?
As out by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſon, which was Prince of Wales.
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo was thou Lo. Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Q. M. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt hear me
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that *I* can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the trubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traytors forth, deareſt friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
V Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. *I* call thee not.

Glo. *T*hen I crie thee mercie: for *I* had thought

Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. Mar. VVhy ſo I did, but lookt for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe,
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your
Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
VVhy ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider, (tune:
VVhoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To help thee curſe that poiſond bunchbackt toad.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantik curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,
Riu. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q. M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant.
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aierie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O pricely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the ſkie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Look when he fawnes, he bites, & when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their marks on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that *I* reſpect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſooth the diuel that *I* warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this an other day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore *Margaret* was a propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, *I* wonder ſhees at libertie.
Glo. *I* cannot blame her by Gods holy mother.
She hath had too much wrong, and *I* repent
My part thereof that *I* haue done.
Qu. *I* neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarance, he is well repaid,

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Chriſtianlike cõcluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcathe to vs.
Glo. So do *I* euer being well aduiſde,
For had *I* curſt now, *I* had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Madame his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords wil you goe with vs?
Riu. Madam, we wil attend your Grace. *Exeunt. ma. Glo.*
Glo. *I* do thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that *I* ſet abroach
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, whom *I* indeed haue laid in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtir the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuengd on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then *I* ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euil:
And thus *I* cloath my naked villanie
With old odde ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a ſaint, when moſt *I* play the diuel.
But ſoft, here comes my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye now going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, *I* haue it here about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But firs, be ſudden in the execution:
VVithall, obdurate: do not heare him pleade,
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my L. we wil not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
VVe come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eies drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop tears.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. Oh, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Thought t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? *I* long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloceſter,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling
Stroke me (that thought to ſtay him ouer-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of waters in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wracks,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Ancors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels.
Some lay deadmens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which woed the ſlimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Bro. Had you ſuch leaſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought *I* had: for ſtil the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie vaſt and wandring ayre,

But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthened after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law renowmed *W*arwick,
*W*ho cried aloud, *W*hat ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht, then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
*T*hat ſtabt me in the field by *T*ewxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
*W*ith that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
*S*uch hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
*W*hich now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
*F*or *E*dwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and *I* faine would ſleepe.
Brok. *I* will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good re
*S*orrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
*T*hey often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter. murtherers &

*I*n Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would ſpeake with Clarence, and I came hither on (my legs.
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
*S*hew him our commiſſion talke no more. *He readeth it*
Bro. *I* am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble *D*uke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the *D*uke a ſleepe:
Ile to his *M*aieſtie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you.
Exe. *D*o ſo, it is a poynt of Wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2 The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorſe in me.
1 What, art thou afraid?
2 Not to kil him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
*F*or killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, *I* hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1 How doeſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (in me,
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet with-
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2 Zounds he dies, *I* had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2 Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him;
He cannot lye with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a blushing shamfast spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fils one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a piece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1 Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot peuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2 Soode like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?

1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my sword,
And then we wil chop him in the Malmsey-but in the next (roome

2 Oh, excellent deuice, make a soppe of him.

1 Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?

2 No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1 You shall haue wine enough, my Lo. anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

2 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

2 Nor you as we are, loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2 My voyce is now the kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doost thou spake?
Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me? *Am. I.*

Cla. You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconcild to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lo. therefore prepaire to die.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuse me?
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning iudge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of law?
To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I carge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare blood shed for our greeuous sins
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded is the king.

Cla. Erronious vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too?
Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vow and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.

2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I,
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme.

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the deuell, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and *I* loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And *I* will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
*Cla. T*ell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
*B*lest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindship.
Bid Gloucester thinke of this and he will weepe.
Am. I, milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
Cla O, do not slander him for he is kinde,
1 Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
*Cla. I*t cannot be: for when *I* parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2 *W*hy so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah sirs, consider he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2 *W*hat shall we do?
Cla. Relent and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish
My friend, *I* spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh *I*f thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
1 I thus, and thus; if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
*I*le chop thee in the malmesey *B*utt in the next roome.
2 A bloudie deede, and desperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would *I* wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 *W*hy doest thou not helpe me?
*B*y heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 *I* would he knew that *I* had saued his brother,
*T*ake thou the fee, and tel him what I say,
For *I* repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now must *I* hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here *I* must not stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So, now *I* haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since *I* haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
*Ri. B*y heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand *I* seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue *I* as *I* sweare the like.
*King. T*ake heed you dally not before your King,
Leaste he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as *I* sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as *I* loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare *I* my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where *I* expect most loue,
When *I* haue most neede to imploy a friend,
And most Assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When *I* am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloecester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if *I* vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First *Madame*, I intreat peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham,
If euer any gruge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you Lord Riuers, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lordes, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that English man a liue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech your Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue *I* offred loue for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead?
You do him iniurie to scorne his coarse.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?
Dor. *I* my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspition,

Enter Darbie.

Dar.

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When oxford had me down, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a king?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelf
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But whē your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you
But for my brother, not a maſt would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beate your breaſt
And crie, Oh Clarence, my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why doyou looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prettie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loath to looſe him, not your fathers death:
It were loſt labor to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloceſter
Told me the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuiſd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheeke,
And bad me rélie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it: harke, what noiſe is this?

Enter

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
*I*le ioyne with blacke dispaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
*W*hy wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
*I*f you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue *I* in thy sorrow,
As *I* had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And *I* for comfort haue but one false glasse,
*W*hich grieues me when *I* see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee,
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue *I*
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That *I* being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare L. Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. *W*hat staie had *I* but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. *W*hat staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. *W*hat staies had *I* but they, and they are gone?

Qu. *W*as euer widow, had so deare a losse?

Am. *W*as euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?

Dut. *W*as euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, *I* am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do *I*:
I for an Edward, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Powre all your teares, *I* am your sorrowes nurse,
And *I* will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glostor,*

Gl. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *with others,*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, *I* do cry you mercie,
I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie,

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the but end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest for this king,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our king.

Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madame, and you my mother, will you goe,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse?
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt manet Glo. Buck.*
Buck. My Lord, who iourneyes to the Prince?
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way *Ile* sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cozen,
I like a childe will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behind. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 *I* that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes by lady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, *I* feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter a-*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours. *nother Cit.*
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 *It* doth, 3. Then masters look to see a troublous world.
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who, shall be nearest,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred haughtie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shall be well.
3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes,
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
'Tis more then we deserue or *I* expect.
1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almost, reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 *We* are sent for to the *Iustice*.
3 And so was I, *Ile* beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night *I* heard they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be here.
Dut. *I* long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last *I* saw him.
Qu. But *I* heare no, they say my sonne of York
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but *I* would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my young Cousin it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how *I* did grow
More then my brother. *I* quoth my Vncle Glocester,
Small herbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make hast.

Dut Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt,
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.
Yor. Marry thy say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
'Twas ful two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child,
Qu. Pitchers haue eares, *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold,
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
VVhy, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse Throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpō themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Q. Come, come, my boy, we wil to Sanctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Ladie, go,
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter youg Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham- (ber.
Glo. Welcome deare cozen my thoughts soueraigne.
The wearie way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
Prin. God keep me frō ſuch falſe friends, but they were none
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God bleſſe your grace, with health & happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Ha.*
Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my L. what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes not I,
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? L. Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queen to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, L. Haſtings goe with him,
And from her iealous armes pluck him perforce.
Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenſeleſſe obſtinate my L.
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of ſanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you ſhall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lord Haſtings, will you go with me?
Haſt. I go my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Haſt.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the ſpeedie haſt you may.
Say Vncle Gloceſter, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkſt beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two,
Your highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe & ſhalbe thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Pri. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæſar build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious L. begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedefied.
prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Succeſſiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But ſay my Lord it were not regiſtred,
Me thinks the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wiſe ſo yong, they ſay do neuer liue long.
prin. What ſay you Vncle?
Glo. I ſay, without Characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That Iulius Cæſar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conqueſt of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Couſen Buckingham.
Buck. What my gratious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

*I*le win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a king.
Glo. Short *S*ommers lightly haue a forward spring.
Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. *W*ell my deare Lo: so must I call you now.
Prin. *I* brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.
Glo. How fares our couzen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. *I* thanke you gentle vncle, O my Lord,
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:
*T*he Prince my brother hath outgrowne me far.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore he is idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couzen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couzen, with all my hart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that *I* know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift thē that, *I*le giue my cozen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the sword to it.
Glo. I gentle couzen, were it light enough.
Yor. O than *I* see you will part but with light gifts,
In waightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. *I*t is too waightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. *I* weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. *I* would that *I* might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because that *I* am litle like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buc. *W*ith what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
*T*o mittigate the scorne he giues his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so yong, is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good couzen *B*uckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lord Protector will haue it so.
Yor. *I* shall not sleepe in quiet at the *T*ower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my vncle Clarence angry ghost:
My Granam told me he was murdred there.
Prin. *I* feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, *I* hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope *I* need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast, Dors. manet, Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
*T*o taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. *W*ell let them rest: *C*ome hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart,
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
*W*hat thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
*T*o make william L. Hastings of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
*I*n the seate royall of this famous *I*le?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buc. *W*hat thinkest thou then ot Stanley, what will he?

Cat. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Haſtings how he ſtands affected
Vnto your purpoſe, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtreſſe Shore, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed *I* may.
Glo. Sall we heare from you Catesby ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At Crosby place, there ſhall you find vs both,
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lord Haſtings will not yeeld to our complot?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſomewhat we will do,
And looke when *I* am King claime thou of me
The Earldome of Herford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſ. A meſſenger from the L. Stanley. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the Beare had reſte his helme:
Beſides he ſaies, there are two councels held,
And that may be determind at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure,
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the ſeperated councels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tel him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancy.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is fond,
To truſt the mockerie of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare purſue vs,
Were to incenſe the Boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane to chaſe.
Go, bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gracious Lord, *I*le tell him what you ſay. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Haſtings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby: you are early ſtirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. *It* is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleeue 'twill neuer ſtand vpright
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland? doeſt thou meane the (Crowne?
Cat. *I* my good Lord,
Haſt. *I*le haue this crown of mine, cut from my ſhouldrs
Ere *I* will ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſpla'ſt:
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to find you forward

Vpon his partie for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes;
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed *I* am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies.
But that *I*'le giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my *Maiſters* hate,
I liue to looke vpon their *T*ragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I'le ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. *T*is a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and ſo twill doo
*W*ith ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and *I*, who as thou knowſt are deare
*T*o princely Richard, and to *B*uckingham.
Cat. *T*he Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. *I* know they do, and *I* haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L.. where is your *B*oare-ſpeare man?
*F*eare you the Boare and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, by the holy roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels *I*.
Haſt. My L. *I* hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Thinke you but that *I* know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as *I* am?
Sta. *T*he Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
*T*his ſudden ſcab of rancor *I* miſdoubt,
*P*ray God, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my *L.* ſhall we to the *T*ower?
Ha. I go: but ſtay: heare you not the newes?
*T*his day thoſe men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
*T*hen ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hat:
*B*ut come my *L.* let vs away. *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*
Ha. Go you before, *I*'le follow preſently.

Enter Haſtings & Purſiuant.

Haſt. *W*ell met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. *T*he better that it pleaſe your good *L*ordſhip to aske.
Haſt. *I* tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
*T*hen when *I* met thee laſt where now we meete:
*T*hen was I going priſoner to the *T*ower,
*B*y the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
*B*ut now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
*T*his day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And *I* in better ſtate then euer *I* was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. *G*ramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou that.

He giues him his purſe.

Pur. God ſaue your *L*ordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. *W*hat ſir *I*ohn, you are well met,
I am beholding to you, for your laſt dayes execiſe:
Come the next *S*abboth, and *I* will content you. *He whiſ-*
Enter Buckingham. *(pers in his eare.*
Buc. How now *L*ord Camberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Prieſt: (Prieſt:
Your *H*onour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
*T*hoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
*W*hat, go you to the *T*ower my *L*ord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay.
I ſhall returne before your *L*ordſhip thence.
Haſt. *T*is like enough, for *I* ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knowſt it not:

Come

Come ſhall we goe along? *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keep the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie priſon,
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe bloods to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſtabd her ſonne.

Ri. Then curſt ſhe Haſting, then curſt ſhe Buckingham,
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them, as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and lack but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I geſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? (his minde.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours; nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lor. *Haſtings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,
Which I preſume he will take in gentle part.

Biſh. Now in good time here comes the Duke himſelfe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a ſleeper, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Haſtings had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my L. Haſtings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My L. of Elie.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſawe good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I now beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. I go my Lord.

Glo. Couſen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſſe,
And findes the reſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided
As elſe I would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the Biſhop of Elie.

Bi. Where is my L. Protector, I haue ſent for theſe ſtraw-(berries.

Haſt. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well.
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord,
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor:
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet.*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie curſe
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo. the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aier of your faire looke,
Liues like drunken Saylers on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come couſin, canſt thou quake & change thy colour:
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe, and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror,
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deere ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Gl. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. L. Maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you,
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon the earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
Made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of *Glo*ster.
Maior. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are *T*urkes or *I*nfidels,
Or that we would against the course of law
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the very extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
*I*nforst vs to that execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistresse Shore.
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. My good L. your Graces word shall serue
As well as *I* had seene or heard him speake,
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But *I*le acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.
Glo. And to that end we wisht your Lordship here,
To auoid the carping censures of the world.
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, Cousen *B*uckingham. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetst aduantage of the time,
*I*nferre the basterdy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll listed to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre comes neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My princely father then had warres in France,
And by iust computation of the time
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were a farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my mother liues.
Buc. Feare not, my Lord, *I*le play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which *I* pleade
Were for my selfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

With

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth, and so my L. farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order *Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engrost'd
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequall hangs together,
Eleuen houers I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued L. Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpapale deuice;
Yet who so blind but saies he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealings must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my L. what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyrannie for trifles: his owne bastardy.
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobelnesse of minde:
Laid open all your victorie in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or slieghtly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to an end,

I bid them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them, (lence?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull si-
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King Richard:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blockes were they, would they not
Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speake?
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Maior is here: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request,
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leades.
Now my Lord Maior, I dance attendance here, ((*Exit.*
I think the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what saies he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day,

He

He is within with two reuerend *F*athers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
*T*o draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
*T*ell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
*Cat. I*le tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
*B*ut meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraigntie thereon,
But ſure *I* feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay,
Enter Catesby:
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What ſayes your *L*ord?
Cat. My *L*.he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
*H*is grace not being warnd thereof before,
My *L*ord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory *I* am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
*B*y heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
*W*hen holy and deuout religious men,
Are at there beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands between two Clergy men.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince,
*T*o ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

*F*amous Plantagenet, moſt gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my requeſt,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apologie,
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
*W*ho earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
*B*ut leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buc. Euen that *I* hope which pleaſeth God aboue
And all good men of this vngouerned *I*le.
Glo I do ſuſpect, *I* haue done ſome offence,
*T*hat ſeemes diſgratious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my *L*ord: would it pleaſe your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault,
Glo. Els wherefore breath *I* in a Chriſtian land?
*Buc. T*hen know it is your fault that you reſigne
*T*he ſupreame Seate, the *T*hrone maieſticall,
*T*he Sceptred office of your Aunceſtors,
*T*he lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
*T*o the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countryes good:
*T*his noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſtars of infamie,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke obliuion:
Which to recure we heartily ſolicite
Your *G*racious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraigntie thereof,
Not as Protecter, *S*teweard, *S*ubſtitute,
Nor lawly Factor for an others gaine,
But as ſucceſsiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come *I* to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As *I* had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much *I* need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well beeome the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him *I* lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that *I* ſhould wring frō him.
Buc. My lord, this argues cōſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered:
You ſay that Edward is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For firſt he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the king of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies,
Made prize and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a liueall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor *I* will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhal neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord, and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do good my Lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind interats,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule.
Couzen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth,
Buc. Then I salute you with the kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutches of Gloster at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as *I* guesse
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maister Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly chargde the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. *I* cry you mercie, *I* meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord Protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me?

I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am theirs father mother, and will see them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt *I* am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I do beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, *I* may not do it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else sound
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margarets* curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell *Madam*,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time:
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne.
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill dispearsing wind of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnavoided eye is murtherous.
San. Come *Madam*, *I* in all hast was sent for.
Duch. And *I* in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,

Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as *I* followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then *I* weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, *I* lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth *I* accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my own ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more thē from my ſoule *I* mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good for tun guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good *A*ngels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee.
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of ſorrow haue *I* ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of *B*uckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſistance is king Richard ſeated:
*B*ut ſhall we weare theſe honors for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they laſt.
Kin. Ri. O Buckingham, now *I* do play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold in deed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what *I* would ſay.
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
Kin. Why Buckingham, I ſay *I* would be king.
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowmed liege.
Kin. Ha: am *I* king? tis ſo, but Edward liues.
Buc. *T*rue noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtil ſhould liue true noble Prince.
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? *I* wiſh the baſtards dead,
And *I* would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your Grace may do your pleaſure.
Kin. *T*ut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say, haue *I* thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe my *L*ord,
*B*efore I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your Grace immediatly.
Cat. *T*he kihg is angry, ſee, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles,
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are for me
*T*hat looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
*B*oy, high reaching *B*uckingham growes circumſpect.
Boy. *L*ord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath?
Enter Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
King. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrell,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrell, ere we sleepe?
Enter Buckingham.
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. *Stanly* he is your wiues sonne. Wel, looke to it.
Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your fath is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herfort and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my just demaund?
King. As I remember, *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, *Buck.* My Lord.
King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldome,
King. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name *I* ſtarted,
Becauſe a *Bard* of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not liue long after *I* ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a cloke?
Buc. *I* am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well, but whats a cloke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a *Iacke* thou keepeſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made *I* him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The moſt arch act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom *I* did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their death ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuell: there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloody king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell, am *I* happy in thy newes?
Tir. *If* to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
Tir The Chaplaine of the *Tower* hath buried them:
But how, or in what place *I* do not know.
King. Come to me *Tirrell* ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how *I* may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue *I* matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
Kin. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Kin. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuied army:
Come, *I* haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pact beggery,

Then firie expedition be my wings,
Loue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries;
A dire induction am *I* witneſſe too,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Qu. Mar. When holy Mary died, and my ſweet ſonne.
Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well afford a graue,
As thou canſts yeeld a melancholy ſeate,
Then would *I* hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but *I*?

Dut.

Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him:
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpſt to kill him.
Q. M. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let looſe, to chaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do *I* thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers body,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. M. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now *I* cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan Gray,
Vntimely ſmothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,

Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away:
Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou dids prophecie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English wars, will make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causes worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. M. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit. Mar.*

Qu. Windie attornies to your clients woes,
Aierie succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so, then be not tongue-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothred:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter king Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A shee, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where would be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers?
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut.

Dut. Thou tode, thou, tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women.
Raile on the *L*ords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire, *ſounde.*
Or with the clamour report of warre,
*T*hus will *I* drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, *I* thank God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. *T*hen patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame *I* haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. *I* will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother, for *I* am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came *I* not at laſt to comfort you you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
*T*echie and waiward was thy infancie,
*T*hy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
*T*hy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
*W*hat comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakfaſt onceforth of companie:
If be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for *I* ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or *I* with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
*T*herefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
*T*hen all the compleat armor that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the litle ſoules of Edwards children,
Whiſper the ſpirit of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. *T*hough far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
King. *S*tay Madame, *I* muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
*T*hey ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue?
And I'le corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
*S*lander my ſelfe, as falſe to Edwards bed,
*T*hrow ouer her the vale of infamie,
*S*o ſhe may liue vnſkard from bleeding ſlaughter.
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.
Q. *T*o ſaue her life, I'le ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is only ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And only in that ſafetie died her brothers.
Kin. *L*o at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of deſteny.
Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes deſtiny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile
As *I* intend more good to you and yours, (armes,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
*T*o be diſcouerd that can do me good?
King. *T*he aduancement of your children mightie *L*ady.

Qu.

Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine?
King. Euen all *I* haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
K. Then know that from my ſoule *I* loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doeſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule.
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou her brothers.
And from my hearts loue *I* do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule *I* loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen *I*, what thinke you of it madame?
Qu. How canſt thou wooe her?
King. That *I* would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vncle Clarence,

Her vncle Riuers, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
Kin. Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
Kin. Say that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbid.
Kin. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
Kin. Say *I* will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
Kin. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
Kin. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
Kin. Say *I* her ſoueraigne, am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
Kin. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told.
Kin. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
Kin. Madam, your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall *I*, till heart-ſtrings breake.
Kin. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonord, and the third vſurped.
Kin. *I* ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honour:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kingly dignitie.
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
Kin. Now, by the world.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs,
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſvſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fearde to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred.
Vngouernd youth to waile it in their age:
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butchred,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſvſed, nere vſed, by time miſvſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follo wes to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this.

Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to do good,
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe to be my ſelfe?
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I le burie them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie there ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe: farewell. *Exit. Qu.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat My gracious ſoueraigne, on the Weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesby, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: poſt thou to Salisbury,
When thou comeſt there: dull vnmindfull villaine
Why ſtands thou ſtill, and goeſt not to the Duke?
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace I ſhall deliuer him.
Kin. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſently at Salisbury.
Rat. What is it your highnes pleaſure I ſhal do at ſalisbury?
Kin. Why what woulds thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your Highneſſe told me *I* ſhould poſt before.
Kin. My minde is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing
Nor none ſo bad but it may well be told.
Kin. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Da. I know not mighty ſoueraigne but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir? as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
King. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
Kin. Is the Chayre emptie? is the ſword vnſwaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me, whath doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, *I* cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
Kin. Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhippes.
Dar. No my good Lord, my frtends are in the North.
Kin. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie ſoueraigne
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
Kin. I, I, thou would'ſt be gone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne

You haue no cauſe to hold my frindſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
Kin. Well, go muſter men; but heare you, leaue be hinde
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. Deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit, Dar.*
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Gratious ſoueraingе, now in Deuonſhire,
As *I* by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confiderates, are in armes.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and ſtill their power increaſeth.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
He ſtriketh him.
King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſonges of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is diſpreſt and ſcattered
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O *I* cry you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow *I* gaue him:
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham?*
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bin made my liege.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring *I* to your Grace,
The *Brittaine* Nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aſke them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no?
Who anſwered him they came from Bucking ham,
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebles here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franket vp in hold,
If I revolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Hertford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, doubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,

If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doomesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determinde respite of my wrongs:
That high all seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest,
Thus doeth he forse the sword of wicked men
To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.

By this one bloodie triall of ſharpe warre.
1. *Lor.* Euery mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwords
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greateſt need will ſhrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Boſworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why looke ſt thou ſo ſad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes, ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why our battalion trebels that account,
Beſides, the kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs ſurney the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richmond with the Lords.
Rich. The wearie Sunne hath made a golden ſeate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is ſir William *Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vales I haue miſtane his colours much. Which

Which well I am aſſured I haue not done,
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captain Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needful ſcrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good Blunt,
Giue me ſome Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby.
King. What is a clocke?
Cat. It is ſixe of the clocke, full ſupper time.
King. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome Inke & paper,
What is my beuer eaſier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent?
Cat. It is my liege, and all things are in readineſſe.
King. Good Norffoke hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To Stanleys regement, bid him bring his power
Before Sun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy Ratliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about Cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went

Went through the armie chearing vp the ſouldiers.
King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of mind that *I* was wont to haue:
Set it downe. *Is* ynke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent,
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by atturney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that, the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloodie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which *I* would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide *I* may not bee too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George,
Be executed in thy fathers ſight.
Farwell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ſeremonious vows of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred frinds ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adue, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good Lord conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victorie.
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere *I* let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.
Enter the ghoſt of prince Ed. ſonne to Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt to K. Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At *T*ewkesbury: diſpaire therefore and die.
To Rich. Be cheereful Richmond, for the wronged ſoules
Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt to K. Ri. When *I* was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the *T*ower, and me: diſpaire and die,
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conquerour,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and floriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
*To Rich. T*hou offſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee.
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and floriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.
Riu. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri, bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. *Hastings.*

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Think on *L.* Hastings, dispaire and die.
To Ri. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake.
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Gho. to K. R. Dreame on thy cosins smothred in the Tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And way thee downe to ruine, shame and death.
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Bores annoy.
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy Aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
Thy last was *I* that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death.
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere *I* could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie *Iesu*: soft, I did but dreame.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? thers none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from myselfe? great reason why,
Least *I* reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke *I* loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I myselfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no: alas *I* rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet *I* lye, *I* am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispare, there is no creature loues me,
And if *I* die, no soule shall pitie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that *I* murthred
Came all to my tent, and euery on did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rai. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is heare?
Rat Ratliffe, my Lord tis *I*: the early village cocke
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, *I* haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No dopt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, *I* feare, *I* feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night

Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eawſe-dropper,
To heare if any means to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond,

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane tardie ſluggard here.

Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing country men, (*His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, (*his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high read bulworkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlandered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the ſoile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe

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THE THIRD